Daniel stays in the room for a minute when he hears Megan playing the video on her phone of Arja saying to her mother "I hate you Jane" from under the bed.

DANIEL
Megan?

MEGAN
This is nothing new to us

Only her hands pop out from under the bed. He holds them.

DANIEL

I don't want us to be like them

MEGAN

We won't

She offers her plushie to him. It's belly is open, cotton falls out of the loose stitches.

He puts his fingers in, picks a note and he opens it to read. "You are not forgotten, You are loved" He smiles, bends down to look at Megan asking what this is.

MEGAN
I've never told this to anyone.. It won't make sense to them but maybe you will understand? Two years ago I met a wonderful person in my life, who was straight out of a romance novel and one day he gave me this handmade plushie. He called it CLOUDY, just because it looks like a cloud I think.. He gave it when we started the relationship.. and told me we can only open this when we break up. I started to think well.. we will open it when we are 80 years old, you know. But few months ago he just came to my home early morning asking me to open the plushie. I said fine, a surprise..okay.. I ripped the stitches. A few notes fell down along with some cotton, I picked them up to read some love but what's in there was.. "I hate the way you talk". I thought it's a joke at first but he wasn't laughing, he was so serious like someone died, it only makes sense if someone died at his home and he wanted to.. I don't know.. I quickly opened another one, it had something like "I hate your hugs, they suffocate me".. "I wish you were just a fairy tale, the reality.. your reality..no, your presence just disappoints me" I asked him what the fuck is wrong with you,why did you write them? Does this mean you never loved me? then he replied saying "I knew the end from the beginning, we have reached our station." What the fuck?It broke me. I couldn't sleep for weeks, I had no one to tell, infact I could not accept this reality, I wanted to die. May be I'm dead and this is a dream.. cliche but I don't know. Do you know if you are alive? If this is a dream? Anyway, Later I realised nobody can write my story, nobody can tell me how I am supposed to feel, yeah we live in this chaos but I can dictate my own feelings. So I wrote these down, I wrote all the good things I could think of and put them inside my baby, I stitched him. Everytime I feel like I'm losing my grip, I open it and read a note, it tells me I should not be scared because I will wake up soon.

Daniel cannot face her anymore. He bolts out into the living room.